

THE
IRISH BOBRIGADE
A
Patriotic Song
AS SUNG BY

MR GEORGE REED.

at the Banquet given in honor of
GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER
at the Astor House New York
June 18th 1869.

WORDS BY
B. O'CONNOR, ESQ.
MUSIC COMPOSED BY
GEO. F. BRISTOW.

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NEW YORK
Published by JOHN J. DALY 419 Grand St.

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THE IRISH BRIGADE

Words by B. O'CONNOR Esq.

Music by GEO. F. BRISTOW.

VOICE. *Marziale.*

PIANO
FORTE.

Oh! mourn ye in grief With a wail for the dead, O mourn ye for souls That for-

ever have fled, O! mourn ye the blood On the steel-rusted blade 'Tis

all that is left Of the I-rish Brigade. Exiles from home, Leaving

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: "all that is left Of the I-rish Brigade. Exiles from home, Leaving".

kin_dred to sigh For the land of their love They went forth to die In the

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the two lower staves. The lyrics are: "kin_dred to sigh For the land of their love They went forth to die In the".

swamps of the south And in green sunny glade, Lie the soldiers who fought In the

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the two lower staves. The lyrics are: "swamps of the south And in green sunny glade, Lie the soldiers who fought In the".

I - rish Brigade.

This system contains the final line of the song. The vocal melody concludes on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment concludes on the two lower staves. The lyrics are: "I - rish Brigade.".

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When death-dealing batteries
 Swept legions away,
 And havoc and ruin
 Were winning the day,
 When the stout-hearted quail'd,
 And were shrinking dismay'd,
 With a shout on the foe
 Dashed the Irish Brigade.
 With the green flag of Erin
 They follow'd brave Meagher,
 Mid the carnage of battle
 A bright shining star,—
 Who, fearless of danger
 The onward charge made,
 And led to fresh glory
 The Irish Brigade.

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Oh! grieve not their banners
 Are shatter'd and torn,
 That bullets have pierc'd them
 And battles have worn,
 The hearts that upheld them
 Have never betrayed,
 The name nor the fame
 Of the Irish Brigade.
 The fields where they rest,
 Are the fields of their fame,
 Where their warm blood was shed
 In Fidelity's name;
 Where, cold in the grave,
 Their trophies are laid,
 'Till the Archangel's voice
 Wakes the Irish Brigade.